

THE SPUR OF FATE

By Ashley Towne

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Some distance from the tent where the previous meeting had taken place they were met by a staff officer attended by half a dozen czarist Cossack troopers. Darrell looked at those savages and thought upon the taking of Gredskov.

The staff officer advanced and exchanged the customary salutations with somnolent courtesy.

"General Getchikoff," said he, "desires me to say that unless you have come with a proposal for surrender without conditions a conference will be needed."

"This seems unusual," responded Durrell. "We had been given twenty-four hours to consider certain terms."

"Those terms are now impossible," replied the Russian curtly. "We shall resume active operations at noon."

"It will readily be understood what 'active operations' would mean to the forces in Gredskov, deserted by its most important military leader and a dozen other officers of high rank. Durrell's face had a grayish pallor, but his voice was perfectly calm as he said:

"We have not come to propose unconditional surrender, but to continue negotiations of great importance to both sides."

"I regret to say," responded the officer, "that all possibility of negotiations has ceased and that our attack begins at noon."

"There remains, then, nothing to be done," said Durrell, "except to transmit this communication to General Getchikoff."

He gave the officer a sealed note written by Durrell, and at a signal one of the Cossacks came forward and



"This is your warrant," she said, took it, galloping back to the Russian lines. There was a delay of perhaps a quarter of an hour, and then General Getchikoff appeared, attended only by three members of his staff. He rode to the tent of conference and, dismounting, stepped within. The others remained outside. Then the Cossack who had carried the note returned with his report.

"General Getchikoff condescends to hear what Colonel Durrell has to communicate," said the officer.

A minute later Durrell and Getchikoff were face to face in the tent alone, and the real battle of Gredskov opened with an exchange of keen and searching glances.

CHAPTER XX.

THE REAL BATTLE OF GREDSKOV.

ETCHIKOFF sat behind a table on which lay a revolver ready to his hand. "I did not understand your communication," said General Getchikoff, "but if you have any plan to make?" "If you had not understood what I wrote," replied Durrell, interrupting, "I should not be here. I told you that the American consul in Stavropol was fully informed as to the circumstances of my trial in that city and my presence here and that if you were anxious to avoid an international complication which would make matters exceedingly hot for you it would be well for you to hear what I had to say. I mentioned also that I had a private proposition to make regarding the surrender of Moitman Khan."

"I am not prepared to treat for the delivery of that prince into my hands today," answered Getchikoff.

"Because you feel sure of taking him?"

Getchikoff nodded.

"You may not be aware," said Durrell, "that there is a secret path from Gredskov to the mountains!"

The Russian interrupted him, smiling. "We know all about the secret road," he said. "It is fully guarded."

"That is what I wanted to know," rejoined Durrell. "I was fairly sure of it, but it is a pleasure to hear you say so. The secret was put into your hands last evening by a man named Kavskiy."

Getchikoff started.

"Did you arrange this?" he cried.

"I did not," responded Durrell. "I may have wished to do so, but as Prince Kilzar was in a certain sense my companion in arms I refrained. It was the private hatred of so insignificant a creature as an ex-turkmen in a prison that overthrew all the shrewd schemes of Kilzar and doubtless has cost him his life—with the Gredskov treasure, which he values almost

equally, you captured the whole party, I suppose?"

"We have them all," answered Getchikoff, "and the treasure."

"Since the incident has occurred," said Darrell, "I intend to use it for my own purposes."

"I don't know what use you can make of it," returned Getchikoff. "It is true that these men fell into our hands in the manner you mention, but how that can help you or the force in Gredskov is more than I can see."

"General," interrupted Darrell, "you were prepared yesterday to make terms. You had, in I believe, the direct authorization of the Russian government to show mercy, even to promise a general amnesty under conditions very favorable to the Circassians. All you required was the surrender of certain persons and, of course, the usual laying down of arms, upon which the Circassian soldiers were to return in safety to their homes. By a singular trick of fate all the persons named by you, with one exception—the khan—have fallen into your power. You have decided, therefore, to enhance your own military glory by securing an unconditional surrender of this city. It would be no achievement for so young a general, especially because it would have been done in spite of the weather, to which, by the way, you owe much personally, since it has laid all your superiors flat on their backs in the delirium of fever and has left you at the head of affairs. Yes, you owe much to the rain, and I bless it with equal fervor."

"Why, may I ask?" inquired Getchikoff, not without a tremor of apprehension.

"Because it enables me to deal with you," said Darrell.

"What authority have you to deal with anybody?" demanded Getchikoff.

"Behold the signet of the khan," rejoined Darrell, displaying the ring which he had put upon the little finger of his right hand.

"Taking your word that it is a valid warrant," said Getchikoff, "what then?"

"I propose the terms mentioned yesterday," said Darrell.

"You are mad," retorted Getchikoff. "I will take this city without conditions."

"After which glorious deed," responded Darrell, "you will return to Stavropol and later to Paris, where you will marry a beautiful widow worth many millions."

"True as you say," answered Getchikoff.

"Let us see about that," retorted Darrell. "In the first place, what will happen when you get to Stavropol? You will face the wrath of your father for your conduct in putting me out of the way. Oh! I am well informed about it. You worked your 'pull,' as we say in America, with the chief of the secret police, and then you organized a fake court which condemned me and left no record of its proceedings. When we get back to Stavropol, your father will not thank you for the international complications that will result from your crimes against me."

"We," said Getchikoff, "will never get back to Stavropol. Only one of us is going. You will remain."

And he pointed down to the ground.

"You may kill me and bury me," answered Darrell, "but the American consul in Stavropol is another proposal."

"My dear sir," retorted Getchikoff, "I don't believe he knows anything about it or will ever learn anything."

"My excellent friend," said Darrell, "he has already learned everything. Glance at this note from him to me. I replied fully by courier, but Consul Lingard will not proceed upon the information until my return."

Getchikoff read the consul's note, and he snapped his jaws together like an angry bear.

"I will take my chances," he said at last.

"Perhaps you do not fully comprehend," said Darrell gently. "Your trouble will also include a charge of forgery."

Getchikoff laid his hand upon the hilt of his sword.

"Be calm," said Darrell. "Let us reason upon the matter and see exactly how you stand. Your private affairs are at this moment of far more consequence than the strength of these contending armies. I have had considerable time since we parted to meditate upon your case, for one has much leisure in prison. I have decided that you are a thoroughly selfish man; that your chief terror is your father; that your chief desire is to quit the army, Stavropol, everything of your old life, and live in wealth and luxury in Paris. Your marriage will make that possible. Am I right in these matters?"

"I shall do the things you name," answered Getchikoff, "and a dead man buried in the Caucasus mountains will not prevent me."

"You are what we call in America a bluffer," said Darrell. "At this present moment you are shaking in your boots, and the cause is that one word 'forgery.' Oh, I have reasoned this thing all out. Who tore up the document found beside the body of Ladislov in Paris? Ladislov himself; the thing is certain. Why did he attempt to destroy it? My friend Gordon answers the question from Paris. Here is a copy of the telegram."

And he gave it to Getchikoff, whose brow dripped as he read.

"That was a warrant for the Princess Vera Shevchenko," continued Darrell. "It was the sort of document that is sometimes furnished in blank to certain officials, including the governors of provinces. It bore the name and was apparently countersigned by your father. Of course such documents possess no validity as warrants outside of Russian dominions, but creatures like Ladislov, the spy, occasionally have to exhibit them when making kidnapping arrests that are winked at by the police of continental

countries, and in any case the warrants have to be shown when the prisoners reach the Russian frontier.

"My friend Gordon telegraphs that the document is a forgery. He means that your father's countersign as governor general of Stavropol, the province to which the prisoner was to be taken, was forged. The signature of the czar was undoubtedly genuine. You observe that my friend says so. Who, then, filled in this document fraudulently and signed your father's name?"

"I don't know what use you can make of it," returned Getchikoff. "It is true that these men fell into our hands in the manner you mention, but how that can help you or the force in Gredskov is more than I can see."

"General," interrupted Darrell, "you were prepared yesterday to make terms. You had, in I believe, the direct authorization of the Russian government to show mercy, even to promise a general amnesty under conditions very favorable to the Circassians. All you required was the surrender of certain persons and, of course, the usual laying down of arms, upon which the Circassian soldiers were to return in safety to their homes. By a singular trick of fate all the persons named by you, with one exception—the khan—have fallen into your power. You have decided, therefore, to enhance your own military glory by securing an unconditional surrender of this city. It would be no achievement for so young a general, especially because it would have been done in spite of the weather, to which, by the way, you owe much personally, since it has laid all your superiors flat on their backs in the delirium of fever and has left you at the head of affairs. Yes, you owe much to the rain, and I bless it with equal fervor."

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"Perhaps you do not fully comprehend," said Darrell gently. "For I did suspect that you were a murderer."

"I am not!" exclaimed Getchikoff, with sudden earnestness and sincerity.

Darrell stepped close up to him and spoke in a low tone.

"I am perfectly well aware of it," he said. "You were in that cab with Ladislov down from the box, you jumped out of the door. You slipped and fell. Lying on the sidewalk, you drew a revolver and fired at me. Ladislov sprang up at that moment, and the bullet struck him in the back; but he was too much excited to suspect that he had sustained a serious injury. You both pursued the cab, but became separated. Ladislov fell dying from internal bleeding and in his last conscious moments attempted to destroy that forged warrant."

"You do me only justice," said Getchikoff hoarsely. "The thing was an accident." I did not even fire at you. The weapon went off in my hands as I drew it for protection."

"I am a just man," said Darrell. "But I can't answer for my friend Gordon. It lies in my mind that he is not so just as I am; that in case any harm comes to me he will publish you in Paris and before the world as a cold-blooded murderer. Why, the case is clear. Ladislov had aided your matrimonial schemes; you had paid him with this forgery. He had you in his power. What more natural than that you should wish him dead? It is the common motive. And now answer me. Can you return to Paris? Not without my permission, General Getchikoff?"

There was a long pause.

"I understand," said Getchikoff suddenly, "that you are able to deliver up the khan in addition to the prisoners I now hold. It could be represented that the strategy by which the others were caught was a part of the terms of surrender. Darrell, I will sign those terms, and every person in that town shall be guaranteed safety, every soldier in the army shall be paroled if you will give me satisfactory pledges that neither you nor your friend will do me an injury. But I must have Moitman Khan."

"I am not prepared to treat for the delivery of that prince into my hands today," answered Getchikoff.

"Because you feel sure of taking him?"

Getchikoff nodded.

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"Behind him," said Darrell, "You!" exclaimed Getchikoff.

"Myself," answered Darrell.

Getchikoff put his hand to his forehead.

"Then it is true," he said slowly, "as some of our spies have reported, that the Princess Vera has played this masquerade. There is no one else for whom you would thus risk your life. But it can't be done; it positively cannot be done. I dare not take you back to Stavropol as Moitman Khan."

Getchikoff said Darrell with deadly intensity, "Take your choice. Your

"Your choice," he added impatiently, refused makes utter ruin of your life and of your love, for upon my word I believe you love that woman in Paris!" A sudden spasm of pain swept across the Russian's face. From that instant Darrell felt secure.

"When you wished my name to be Sergius Bilewski, Bilewski it was," he continued. "A sudden spasm of pain swept across the Russian's face. From that instant Darrell felt secure.

"One hundred and fifty thousand men in the anthracite field have been engaged in a silent struggle for three months and there has been less violence than is committed at a picnic of ordinary people upon ordinary occasions. The men struggling today had been reduced to a state of servitude, but in the past three months they have been recast and their characters remodeled. Their manhood is aroused and I believe, as God is my judge, the worst of the miners have had to confront me."

"Rather than carry you back to Stavropol under that name," whispered Getchikoff, leaning across the table, his face white, "I will give you a chance to break out of Gredskov and escape—you and the princess and a part of the forces. I will so weaken our lines in a place which you shall know of that you cannot fail to pierce them. Only give me pledges."

Darrell shook him with a gesture.

For a single instant his brain swam with vision. He knew in what light he would appear to Vera after such a feat—what fair reward she had offered him.</p